

## **IOWA STUBBORN**

Oh, there's nothing halfway, about the Iowa way to treat you,  
When we treat you, which we may not do at all!  
There's an Iowa kind, a special-chip-on-the-shoulder attitude,  
We've never been without that we recall!

We can be cold as our falling Thermometers in December  
If you ask about our weather in July  
And we're so by-gone stubborn  
We can stand touching noses for a week at a time  
And never see eye-to-eye

But what the heck! You're welcome, join us at the picnic  
You can have your fill of all the food you bring yourself  
You really ought to give Iowa a try

## **'TIL THERE WAS YOU**

There were bells on the hill but I never heard them ringing  
No, I never heard them at all 'til there was you

There were birds in the sky but I never saw them winging  
No, I never saw them at all 'til there was you

And there was music and there were wonderful roses  
They tell me in sweet fragrant meadows of dawn and dew

There was love all around but I never heard it singing  
No, I never heard it at all 'til there was you

<INSTRUMENTAL BREAK>

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No, I never heard it at all 'til there was you